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# Christian Secretary.

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"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE CHURCHES."

VOL. XXVI.

HARTFORD, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1847.

NEW SERIES. VOL. X. NO. 30

## Christian Secretary.

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bringing up before the imagination some exciting object of the emotion, is to throw the mind into a whirl of delirious excitement. We have also seen that the overstrained and perverted action of the will may produce very marked effects upon the functions of the body. It is easy to see, in the light of these two principles, that our preacher's voluntary effort to *feel intensely* could have had no very desirable effect upon the functions of his body or operations of his mind.

By my Spirit, saith the Lord.

From the history of the day of Pentecost, believers in the Lord Jesus Christ may learn their need of the influences of the Holy Spirit of God to guide them in duty, and to sanctify them in every grace. To learn more of the will of God, to be changed into his image of holiness, to be zealous in his service, to be useful in winning souls to salvation, our dependence must be upon the Spirit; and not only for personal good, but for the prosperity of the church, we must look to him. Little power had the early Christians to go forth into the midst of the Roman empire, and contend with human prejudice and pride, and interest and depravity; but they relied upon the aid of God's Spirit; and they were mighty, through him, to pull down strongholds. And if now the church of God seems weak to cope with the mightiness of a world that liveth in wickedness, she has but to fall back upon her firm vantage-ground, and renew her strength unto victory in God, the Holy Spirit. Why are we prone to forget that our conflict is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord? And as we look around us in our places, and see in the world the sad evidences of spiritual death, the open valley, and the dry bones, very dry; and see in the church lamps without oil in the hands of slumbering professors, barren ordinances, lifeless and heartless forms, do we not become to us to hear and ponder that word of Scripture, "O thou that art called the house of Jacob, is the Spirit of the Lord straitened?" Are there his doings?" And does it not befit us to hear that energetic call of the Apostle, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." "Be ye filled with the Spirit." Eph. v. 14, 18.

Why should we grieve the Holy Spirit of God, by whom we are sealed unto the day of redemption? Let us remember that dignity of character he is no less than the third person of the adorable Trinity; that to trifle with him is awful, for he struck Ananias and Sapphira dead for a single falsehood; and against him it is possible to sin unpardonably. We should feel that the growth of every Christian, and his peace, comfort, sanctification, and usefulness all depend upon the Spirit. We should acknowledge, that without him no soul can be converted to God; and should he now forsake our guilty earth, he would leave us miserable and hopeless indeed. The Holy Spirit's influences are absolutely necessary to human salvation, and if the church of Christ is to march onward, we need frequent, powerful, and long-continued outpourings of his gracious influences.

Let us now contemplate a preacher of a different character,—one possessing but few of the qualifications which we have supposed to belong to the minister of Christ who is thoroughly furnished for his work. His whole power over his hearers consists in exciting the feelings, without enlightening and convincing the intellect; and his ability to excite the feelings consists in becoming excited himself, and thus communicating the contagion by sympathy.—Such a minister is not likely to be very laborious in preparing for his public ministrations. He overlooks the fact that there can be no healthy excitement of the emotions, without a clear intellectual conception of those objects and truths which naturally produce them. Hence his main object, when he comes before his audience, is to work himself up into a frenzy of excitement. But, inspired by no lofty sentiments, having before his mind no glowing views of truth to enliven his emotions, he attempts to do it by mere drou of volition. It other words, he makes a huge, voluntary effort to *feel*. His muscular system is thus thrown into a state of violent tension; his voice becomes strained and unnatural; his gestures forced and violent; his eye and countenance wild and discomposed. Such a speaker could not fail to make a strong impression upon any nervous individual, who might be sitting within the glance of his eye and sound of his voice. But soon the torrent of excitement, becoming swelled by the sympathy of numbers, would be irresistible, bearing down everything in its course, producing "bodily exercises" of various kinds and degrees, according to the various susceptibilities of different individuals.

We need not say how little exercise of the intellect, or of healthy emotion, there would be in all this excitement. We read of a German fanatic, who drew together vast crowds, and produced immense excitement wherever he went, though he preached in Latin, a language which not one in a thousand of his hearers understood. His strained and unnatural voice, his frantic countenance and wild gesticulation, without one intelligible idea, kindled and spread the flame of excitement wherever he appeared.

"You had better not do that, brother," (for it was a disciple who used the language) "and I will set before you a dish of most savory dissuasives." From the American Messenger.

"I'll not bear That."

Slanderous words had been spoken concerning him, and they were sparks to the powder there was in his heart. So he blew up, as the language shows. And he would blow the slanderer up, too, at the first opportunity.

"You had better not do that, brother," (for it was a disciple who used the language) "and I will set before you a dish of most savory dissuasives."

1. He will blow himself up, if you let him alone, and save you the trouble. Is he a real slanderer? Does he wag his tongue maliciously! But a backbiter is one who, among other things, bites back upon himself, as some serpents are said to do, when they are wounded, and die by their own poison. You had better let him alone.—You have not venom to kill men. Nobody can kill him as quick and as effectually as he will kill himself. The more you try to kill him, the more he will live. The less you do about him, the quicker he will die.

2. Besides, you will get blown up with him, if you blow him up. He has powder aboard, as you have already painfully experienced. And you abound in that article, as your language plainly shows, and if you both come into contact, there will be sparks,

# CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

## Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1.

### Doctrine.

**the Waldenses' replied, "Friends, if they are suffered to pass on!" Instantly the shout, "Kill them! kill them!" rang thro' the darkness, and then the order "fire!" was heard along the ranks. In a moment, more than two thousand muskets opened on the bridge, and it rained a leaden storm its whole length and breadth. They expected, and rightly, that under such a well directed fire, the little band of exiles would be annihilated; and so they would have been but for the prudence and foresight of their pastor and leader, Arnaud. Expecting such a reception, he gave orders that his followers, the moment they heard the word "fire" from the enemy, should fall flat on their faces. They obeyed him, and that fiery sleet went drifting wildly over their heads. For a quarter of an hour did these heavy volleys continue, enveloping that bridge in flames; yet during the whole time not one Waldensian was wounded. At length, however, a firing was heard in the rear; the troops that had let them pass on the mountain in the morning, had followed after, on purpose to prevent their escape from the snare that had been set for them. Crushed between two powerful bodies of soldiers, with two thousand muskets blazing in their faces, and a narrow bridge before them, the case of the wanderers seemed hopeless.**

**Seeing that the final hour had come, Arnaud ordered his followers to rise and storm the bridge. Then occurred one of those fearful exhibitions sometimes witnessed on a battle-field. With one wild and thrilling shout, that little band precipitated itself forward. Through the devouring fire, over the rattling, groaning bridge, up to the entrenchments, and up to the points of the bayonets, they went in one resistless wave. Their deafening shouts drowned the roar of musketry, and, borne up by that lofty enthusiasm which has made the hero in every age, they forgot the danger before them. On the solid ranks they fell with such terror and suddenness, that they had not time even to flee. The enraged Waldenses seized them by the hair, and trampled them under foot; and with their heavy sabres cleared them to the earth. The terrified French undertook to defend themselves with their muskets, and as they interposed them between their bodies and the foe, the Waldensian sabre struck fire on the barrel till the sparks flew in every direction. The Marquis of Lury strove for awhile to bear up against this overpowering onset, but finding all was lost, he cried out, "Is it possible I have lost the battle and my honor?" and then exclaiming "Savez qui peut!" turned and fled. That army of two thousand five hundred men then became a herd of fugitives in the darkness, mowed down at every step by the sword of the Waldensian. The slaughter was terrible, and the victory complete; all the baggage and stores were taken; and at length, when the bright moon rose over the Alps, flooding the strange scene with light, Arnaud called his little band from the pursuit. Having supplied themselves with all the powder they wished, they gathered the rest together, and set fire to it. A sudden blaze revealed every peak and crag, and the entire field of death, with the brightness of noonday—followed by an explosion like the bursting of a hundred cannon, and which was heard nearly thirty miles in the mountains. A deep silence succeeded this strange uproar, and then Arnaud ordered all the trumpets to sound, when every man threw his hat into the air, and shouted, "Thanks to the Eternal of Armies, who hath given us the victory over our enemies!" That glorious shout was taken up and prolonged till the fleeing foe heard it in the far mountain gorges.**

The entire loss of the Waldenses in this bloody engagement did not reach thirty men, while the ground was cumbered with the dead bodies of the French. The latter had refused to destroy the bridge, and thus effectually arrest the progress of the exiles, because they wished to destroy them. But God had given them the victory, and their shout recalled to mind the ancient shout of Judah in battle.

That night the tired Waldenses slept upon their arms on the bloody field they had won; and when the morning sun arose, there lay the wrecks of the fight on every side. In the midst of the trampled plain, they lifted their morning prayer and voice of renewed thanksgiving to Him who carried them in the hollow of his hand; and again took up the line of march.—*Parlor Magazine.*

**DR. EMMONS ON PREACHING.**—A young man having preached for the Doctor one day, was anxious to get a word of applause for his labor of love. The grave Doctor, however, did not introduce the subject, and his brother was obliged to bait the hook for him. "Hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the length of my sermon to-day." "No sir, not at all, nor by the depth either." The young man was silent.—*Norfolk Democrat.*

**It was Baxter that said in his old age, on a review of his life, "I take note that I never went to any place in my life, among all my changes, which I had before designed, or thought of, much less sought; but only to those that I never thought of, till the sudden invitation did not surprise me." Probably almost every truly heavenly servant of God will find the same to be strictly and experimentally true, in a careful reconsideration of all the important passages of life.—N. Y. Egan.**

**Eternity was well defined by a Parisian on a public exhibition occasion:**—Eternity has neither birth, death, infancy, nor old age. It is to-day, without either yesterday or to-morrow.

Never permit yourselves to entertain bad thoughts of God, on account of any of his dispensations.

We might extend this article to almost any length in assigning reasons in favor of sound doctrines, but the simple fact of the announcement of a

and pointing out the best methods for securing this object; but we have already said more than we intended when we commenced, and therefore, for the present at least, leave the reader to his own reflections.

### Fiction.

It is a melancholy fact, that the rage for fictitious stories far exceeds the desire for sound religious and moral reading. If any one will take the trouble to enter a News Office, he will at once see the truth of this statement verified in the long rows of magazines and newspapers, filled with the most miserable fictitious trash that can well be imagined, to the exclusion, almost, of religious newspapers and magazines. It is understood, of course, that news vendors supply their shelves with that kind of reading that happens to be in demand; so the display of literature upon their counters may be considered a fair index of the taste of the public.

The effect upon a family of children, of this kind of literature, if it deserves the name, will be realized in future years—in eternity we fear; yet it is a fact that Christian parents do allow such stuff to come within the domestic circle, and even pay for it in order to please the taste of the young masters and misses, while they actually feel too poor to take a good religious paper—the good effects of which would be almost incalculable upon the rising generation, were such papers patronized as they should be.

It is not to be expected that irreligious parents will patronize religious papers; they of course will furnish the light literature of the day for the benefit of their families, and thereby educate their daughters in the knowledge of all the "horrible" and "thrilling" tales which the penny-a-liners can invent and work into shape, from the materials upon which they have at their command, viz.: war, love, murder, piracy, and suicide; but such conduct on the part of Christian parents is unjustifiable and wicked.

The literature of which we are speaking is admirably adapted to one purpose if no more, and all who desire to fill the minds of their children with moral poison and unfit them for respectable members of society, may learn in time, what that is, by feeding them with such trash. Who has not seen somewhere in the course of his life, a young married lady whose mind had been poisoned in youth by novels and newspaper fiction? If you have been so unfortunate as to make her a call before dinner, you may have found her engaged in devouring the last novel, or some long story in a magazine or newspaper, which is "to be continued." The lady herself is in dishabille, her hair uncombed, and her appearance strangely indicating the slattern, and her house and children are still worse off, so she offers some excuse for the confusion in which you find her—"she has not found time this morning to set her house in order," or something else equally as destitute of truth. If you call to dine, things are in a still worse plight, and her poor husband must excuse his wife in the best way he can.—Much as we are opposed to the granting of divorces as at present practised by our Legislature, we could not in our heart blame the man who is cursed with a novel-reading wife, for seeking relief in this way. The effect upon the mind of boys is not better. The tales of piracy, robbery, and daring feats which are generally painted by the writer in a style to glorify his principal characters, often induces boys to run away and go to sea in the expectation of becoming heroes in crime themselves. And yet these "Magazines" and "Family Newspapers," constitute for many their entire stock of reading. Professors of religion, who regard the welfare of their families, cannot be too careful in the choice of the newspapers and magazines which they are in the habit of placing before their children.

The Boston Reporter speaks out against this morbid taste for fiction as follows:

"I want a paper that has long stories in it," said a young lady; and she added, "I don't want a paper for anything else." Poor girl, much to be pitied, and a pitiful appearance she will make thro' life, at the present rate. She wants nothing serious, no acquaintance with the history of her own times, no intellectual cultivation—not but newspaper words; empty heads they must be, that can find room every week for some ten columns of sham story. Yet these are the heads for which the weekly press toils and groans, throwing off by ten thousand its sheets of shallow, insipid, and disgusting fiction, and for this an amount of money is paid, which a sound literature utterly fails to command. Yes, Christian fathers and mothers buy this trash for their sons and daughters, and so minister to their scepticism, ignorance, loose morals, and destitution of all taste and fitness for life's duties. Doubtless the periodical press does more than any other one instrumentally to decide the opinions, habits of thought and general character of the age. A family will very soon begin to show a sympathy with its weekly paper, and the parent and child will become assimilated to it in sentiment, and feeling; and as families are, so is the community at large. Blind and stupid therefore ye worse, are those parents, who, professing Christian principle, tolerate in their houses a class of papers which are, first good for nothing, then bad—as the "Mysteries of Paris," made up of the writings of silly, ignorant scribblers, who would be at the foot in a town school, and much more in a school of good morals. Such are the teachers of half the present generation."

### Suicide.

There must be something in the atmosphere to derange the minds of men. We believe that there has been a greater number of suicides committed in the United States, the present than any two preceding years. Not a day passes without seeing, in some of our exchanges, one or more cases of self-destruction.—*Cin. Chronicle.*

Suicides would be less frequent, we have reason to believe, were newspaper editors less anxious to make a paragraph out of every case of the kind that occurs. It is sickening to read the "melancholy suicides" which most of the secular and many religious editors transfer to their columns. No good can result from such a course, and it is very possible that much harm may be the consequence. We have somewhere seen it suggested that there is a class of persons whose minds are predisposed to suicide from the very fact that their names will appear in the newspapers with the particulars of their death, together, perhaps, with the usual accompaniment—"no cause can be assigned for this rash act." It must be a strange, and very weak mind indeed, that would suffer itself to be influenced by such a contemptible motive, but we believe there are such cases. A love of notoriety is very strong in some persons, and although we cannot believe

that the word of Christ, as given by the prophets and apostles, is the foundation on which the Church sentimentally rests," in which he showed in a clear, scriptural and logical manner, the true grounds of christian and church union. The Circular Letter, by Br. Howard, was an interesting document, on the importance of more spirituality in the churches. The benevolent operations of the day are warmly cherished by the brethren generally in this body, but the one which seems to lie nearest their hearts, is the Domestic Missions, or the moral condition of the Litchfield County. For this they have contributed far more during the past year, than was apportioned to them by the Convention. They feel grateful for the amount which the Convention has expended within the county the past year, and desire to continue the fraternal co-operation. Their contributions for this and other objects, connected with the promptness and efficiency with which every committee discharged their duty, during their session, is conclusive evidence, that they are not only willing, but through Christ strengthening them, fully able to go up and possess the land.

A little before 12 o'clock the delightful exercises were brought to a close, by a vote of thanks to the church for their kind hospitalities, and the choir for their assistance in giving a proper zest to the business. They are to meet in Cornwall Hollow next year. S. S. WHEELER.

Colbrook, Sept. 22, 1847.

### Dedication.

The new Baptist church of this village, was dedicated to the service of God on Wednesday, the 22d inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M. The following is the order of exercises:—1. Voluntary by the choir; 2. Invocation by L. Leach, of Three Rivers; 3. Reading Scriptures, N. M. Perkins, of Westfield; 4. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Curtis, of Belchertown; 5. Original Hymn; 6. Sermon by Baron Stow, D. D. of Boston; 7. Original Hymn; 8. Prayer of Consecration by the pastor, M. G. Clarke; 9. Anthem; 10. Address to the church and congregation by Rev. D. Ives, Suffield; 11. Prayer by J. G. Warren, Cabotville; 12. Original Hymn; 13. Benediction, father Rand, of Ireland Parish. J. E. T.

The disease which has ravaged the country leads us to believe, it will be used for various social purposes. The seats in the Lecture-Room are arranged for the convenience of the Sabbath School. The back of every other one is hung so as to turn over like the seats in the cars. A very rich toned bell has been placed in the tower, the weight of which is 2,304 lbs. Also Chilson furnaces are placed in the basement, by which the whole building will be pleasantly warmed. The whole undertaking has been one successful enterprise,—one that should call forth the profoundest gratitude to the great Head of the Church.

It has often been said since the house commenced, that the Baptists of Springfield were building too large—much larger than they could pay for, or the place demanded. But the Society thought differently, and have succeeded in rearing their fine building, the greater part of which is already paid for, and have consecrated it to the Most High.—And as a result of this, when the Pews were sold on the evening of the Dedication, nearly every slip seat that could not provide themselves with seats; so that efforts are already being made to cushion and carpet the galleries as below, and will be rented, that those may be accommodated who could not obtain slips on the first floor.

The whole expense of the house and lot will not exceed \$14,000. The architect of this elegant structure is Mr. William W. Boyington, of the firm of Decree, Boyington & Co., who has by this achievement established a reputation second to none in this vicinity. The church now has a fine house in a good location, and all that seems to be wanting for its prosperity and growth in grace, is a revival of religion. May it not be long before this church will enjoy such a favor from the Lord, Springfield, Sept. 25, 1847.

### Maine Correspondence.

Pembroke, Me., Sept. 14, 1847.  
BRO. BURR.—While spending a few weeks in this extreme eastern section of our country, I have collected the following items of information, and if they will contribute to the gratification of the readers of the *Secretary* they are at your service.

Pembroke, from whence I date this communication, lies nearly 300 miles in a direct line, north-east from Boston, and is, I conclude, a part of the veritable "down east." At least it is almost on the line of the "States" and the "Provinces," while the Calais, or St. Croix river is here recognized as the "jumping off place." Should the reader take Mitchell's *Atlas*, he will find, on the map of New England, Eastport, a town of about 6000 inhabitants, lying on the Passamaquoddy bay, and to the west 30 miles, Calais, a place of about the same size, while between them, and to the west is Pembroke, at the head of a small inlet, here known as the Pembroke river—12 miles from Eastport—20 miles Calais and 100 from Bangor.

Agriculture is the chief resource of the town as a whole, though the village is mainly dependent on ship building and on the very extensive iron works now in operation. These were started some twenty years since for the purpose of rolling sheet and bar iron, and at an expense of from two to three hundred thousand dollars. The water privilege is one of the finest in the Union, and for facilitating the operations of the company, Pembroke was made a port of entry into the United States. But from some cause the enterprise fell through, and involved to such an extent the bank at Eastport, as to cause its failure. Some two years since the property was purchased for a mere pittance by Horace Gray & Co., of Boston, who are large manufacturers of Rail Road iron. This establishment, the smallest, I believe, of the three they have in operation, manufactures ninety tons of rail, weekly, and employs not far from 130 hands. Some parts of the operation require much skill, and in consequence wages are in some cases as high as three or four dollars per diem. Some six or eight vessels are employed in the transportation of coal and iron. Of the former article not less than 125 tons are used each week.

The address to the church and congregation by Bro. Ives, one of its former pastors, was brief, and very appropriate. The music, under the direction of Mr. A. Leland, formerly of your city, is highly spoken of, as being of a superior order. The whole service was interesting and appropriate to the occasion. The last hymn from the pen of Charles Thurber, Esq., I send you for its insertion in the *Secretary*, as I have no doubt it will be read with interest by many of your readers.

### HYMN.

Grant the parting blessing, Father,  
Set thy sacred signet here,  
Thy which, in these courts we gather,  
We may find thy presence near.

Bless us, Father,  
As we worship year by year.

High in yonder field of azure  
Stand a temple, passing fair,  
And one ceaseless flood of pleasure,  
Gushes from the worship there.

Here prepare us,  
In that bleak employ, to share.

There, in seas of deep fruition,  
Faith, in thrills ecstatic dies;  
Here 'tis she guides our vision,  
Upward to her native skies,

Or we'll never  
Reach the goal and grasp the prize.

Saviour, in Thy glorious mission  
Thou didst open the gates of love,  
Make these courts the mount of vision,  
Where we'll come and look above,

And, in prospect,  
In the bower of pleasure rove.

Visions, O! how bright and pleasant,  
Strow the Christian's pathway o'er;

Joy's fair garlands crown the present;

Hope's bright rainbows stretch before;

All is blissful,

Till we land on that bright shore.

The house is situated on the east side of Main st., corner of Harrison Avenue, between the Railroad stations and Court Square. It is very central and in the most thriving part of this rapidly growing town. The house is built of brick, the walls being covered with stucco of the firmest texture, which is the color of the edifice from the basement to the Vane. The house is 86 feet long, and 60 feet wide, exclusive of a portico projecting over the front entrance, 8 feet by 30 feet front, supported by six Ionic columns, massive and beautiful. From the front of the building, rises a steeple, at the base of which is an octagon pedestal; upon this stands a Peristyle section which contains the Belfry, and is surrounded by six Ionic columns, standing out from the Belfry, and adding much to the beauty of this section. Above this, is a section of buttresses and pinnacles. The spire, which is one hundred and forty-five feet in height, is so admirably proportioned to the other parts of the structure as to attract the notice and delight the eye of every one approaching it. The architecture of the building is of the Grecian Ionic order. The inside of the body of the house is colored after the same style of the outside; the whole of which present the appearance of rich and solid masonry throughout. The cornice, columns, and steeple are of wood, painted stone color, and sanded so as to be perfectly keeping with the walls. There are 112 slips on the floor, which, with those in the galleries, will comfortably seat one thousand persons. The side galleries are narrow, and finished in fine taste. The pulpit is a broad platform, on which stands a portable desk, plain, and painted white; this being removed back, a Bapistry is opened beneath. In the rear of the pulpit are two beautiful columns, and two anteas. The wood work of the interior has been painted and grained in imitation of oak.

The number of brethren from the distant parts of the country having arrived a little before night on the previous day, it was thought best to have a meeting. Accordingly, information was circulated through the neighborhood, and when the people were gathered together, S. S. Wheeler was invited to open the scriptures, which he did at Matt. 6: 9, and dwelt for some 35 minutes upon the interesting relations of God's family, which was followed with prayer and exhortation by a number of brethren.

It was an interesting and profitable season to many. Even some of the unconvinced were overwhelmed to say, that it was a solemn meeting.

An hour or more was spent in prayer and exhortation the next morning, before the hour for preaching arrived.

The time having come, Br. C. W. Watrous delivered an animating sermon, founded on Ps. 62: 5, showing when we might expect spiritual and saving blessings from God. After the collection for the widow's fund, Br. A. Gates, (moderator last year) called the meeting for business to order, which resulted in the choice of S. S. Wheeler, moderator; C. W. Watrous, clerk; and A. W. Lawton, Treasurer. The letters from the churches breathed forth excellent desires, but at the same time complained of the general dearth, that covers the length and breadth of the land. The statistics showed only three baptisms.

At half past 2 P. M., Br. L. Lewis, of Bristol, preached from Heb. 10: 35, portraying in a solemn manner the importance of exercising implicit confidence in God, the Bible, prayer, &c. In the evening S. S. Wheeler delivered a sermon founded on John 8: 12, holding up Christ as the moral light of the world; after which there was a profitable session of religious conference.

On Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, business was suspended to hear a sermon from Eld. E. Dowdy, drawn from Eph. 2: 19-22. His theme was,

the disease which has ravaged the country leads us to believe, it will be used for various social purposes. The seats in the Lecture-Room are arranged for the convenience of the Sabbath School. The back of every other one is hung so as to turn over like the seats in the cars. A very rich toned bell has been placed in the tower, the weight of which is 2,304 lbs. Also Chilson furnaces are placed in the basement, by which the whole building will be pleasantly warmed. The whole undertaking has been one successful enterprise,—one that should call forth the profoundest gratitude to the great Head of the Church.

But my sheet is nearly full, speak of the social and religious. Yours, &c.,

The Common Council of Boston passed an ordinance prohibiting any dead human body within the Hall after the first of June 1st, 100 dollars for each offence, and shall assist therein. This a stereotyped should never be allowed a city.

The Rochester American or Win. Lloyd Garrison, the lecturer, is sick of bilious fever, situation is said to be critical.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL DIFFICULTIES.—The pal Recorder thus speaks of his Episcopate: "The last present career in her capacious systems, that are none in this vicinity. The church now has a fine house in a good location, and all that seems to be wanting for its prosperity and growth in grace, is a revival of religion. May it not be long before this church will enjoy such a favor from the Lord, Springfield, Sept. 25, 1847.

The same paper says: "This man has opened the whole sheet don't care again. It is evident that it is to be made to have the stored to the ditches of the



# CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

## Poetry.

For the Christian Secretary.

### Death and the Angels.

BY SARA MAY.

### THE DYING ONE ENTREATETH,

Hide me, mother! clasp me closer!  
Hide me! hold me! mother dear—  
Death is cold—O Death is frightful!

Hide me! hide me! Death is near.

The chill air presseth—presseth—

A hand—it beats for me;

Oh clasp me—kiss me sweetly,

Whither—whither shall we flee.

That great white hand—it toucheth,

So cold lips press my cheek—

Sing, mother, loud and cheerly—

I cannot hear you speak.

### THE DYING ONE SAITH, FAINTLY,

Mark! now I hear sweet music,

Is it you, my mother dear?

Unclap your arms now mother,

I see the ANGELS near!

Oh Death is cold and frightful,

But these are very fair—

They beck—I must go, mother,

And thou shalt meet me there.

From the American Messenger.

### Unknown Heirs.

"He heaped up riches, and knew not who shall gather them." —DAVID.

"They for their heirs, they know not who, And straight are seen no more." —WATTS.

His brow was worn with care. Too deep a thought Had settled there, for lingering Sleep to shed Its poppy-dew unblamed. I said of birth, And every social joy, they profit not; For he had sold his life to gather gain, And build a mansion for his only son, That crowds might envy. To his wearied heart, Amid its slavery, oft he said, "Plod on—Tis for my son."

But lo! an icy grasp Overmastered him at once, and down he lay, Reluctant, and unmourned.

Their he roamed wide, In distant lands, with light and lavish haste Scattering his treasures.

In the ancestral halls Were guests, and banquet-board, and music-strain, But not for him. They bear his name no more. And on his bloated features, is the stamp Of libertine, and exile.

In the wards Of foreign hospitals, with parching lip He feels the fever-thirst, while none are near, Of all the many servants of his sire, To give him water. On his tongue there lurks The drunkard's muttered curse, mixed with no sound.

Or kind remembrance for that father's care Who toiled so late, and rose ere dawn of day For him, the waster—and to swell the store Of heirs unknown.

A mother—strange to say— Repelled the claims of pity, and withheld The surplus of her stewardship from God. The poor, pale sempstress, with trembling nerves And timid voice, perceived the scanty dole Narrowed, and grieved, and tardily bestowed, And wept, despairing, o'er her lonely crust. The beggar came not twice to that proud door, Remembering the refusal, couched in words, Scornful, and sharp.

The mission-vessel spread Its snowy wings, and sought a heathen clime Without her aid.

And so the yearly gold Grew in his hoard, and to herself she said, "Tis for my daughter's use, when I am gone;" Cheating her voxel soul with empty names Of fond, maternal duty—veil too thin To wrap her motive from the Eye of Heaven.

Oh lady! in the damp and moulderling tomb, Is there no loophole, whence a restless ghost Might seek thy lofty mansion?

See! behold! Who sitteth on the daughter's rich divan, And in her costly mirrors idly looks? Who strews the flowers which decked her gay par-

terre?

And revels in her fruits?

A stranger-bride Calls it her home.

Thy daughter is not there. Her bed is in the clay, and by her side The babe, whose fleeting life with hers was bought While he, who briefly on his finger wore The circle of her love, forgetteth her.

Yet, for that daughter, didst thou grind the poor, And seal thine eye against the pagan's moon, Calling it prudence, and a due regard To thine own offspring.

Was a specious lure? Oh, mother, didst thou shut thy soul from heaven?

L. H. S.

## Religious & Moral.

### Story of a Sister's Love.

A few days ago I was at the State prison at Sing Sing, New York, where I heard the facts I am about to relate. They furnish as touching an instance of devotion as we have lately met, and they show us that in the humblest walks, even in the atmosphere of vice and crime, there may flourish some of the purest passions, that ought to win our charities, and make us respect the poor.

A young man in Nova Scotia came to the city of New York, and fell among thieves. He became a companion of criminals, perhaps a criminal himself. Certainly he was arrested on a charge of crime, was tried, convicted, and sent to the prison at Sing Sing.

His sister in Nova Scotia heard of the fate of her brother, and resolved to secure his deliverance from prison. She was only a servant girl, and her scanty purse was barely sufficient to defray her expenses through the long journey to the city.

When she reached New York, she learned that the only way to get her brother out of prison was by pardon from the governor. She went to service in the city, and worked faithfully till she had earned money enough

to defray her expenses to Albany, and was soon there, a stranger, a young, unprotected woman, with no other recommendation than that of having a brother in the State prison. She inquired the way to the house of the governor, obtained an audience, and then, with all the eloquence of love so pent in her own bosom, she made known her request. The governor said that he must have some reason for granting the pardon.

"But my brother is an innocent man," said the girl, who had never for a moment indulged the thought that he could have been guilty of crime. The governor wanted something more than her word for it, and giving her the small comfort of words of sympathy and kindness, sent her away to devise ways and means to prove the innocence of her brother.

She returned to New York, and finding a place again resumed her domestic service, and indefatigably labored, as time and opportunity allowed, to accomplish what was now the great end of her life. And what will not perseverance and love achieve? Hopeless as the attempt might appear, she found the men who composed the jury that convicted her brother, and obtained the names of every one of them to a petition setting forth mitigating circumstances in his case, and asking the intercession of executive clemency in his behalf. With this petition the devoted sister hurried to Albany, and, full of hope; she presented it to the governor. He was moved by the intensity of her purpose, and the ardent strength of her affection. But he still hesitated.

"Why?" said she, "you must pardon my brother; I shall never leave you until you do. I shall just stay and pray forever, and if you wish me to go away you must pardon him, and I will bless you, and God will bless you, the longest day you live." Her prayers and tears so far prevailed as to extort a promise that he would make immediate inquiries into the case, and if they were satisfactory, he would transmit the pardon by a certain day which he named, through the mail, to the prison at Sing Sing.

Once more the noble-hearted girl returns to her work, and waits for the slow weeks to wear away. But they flew faster when she thought that the time of her brother's liberty drew near. This was to be the reward of her toil and suffering.

On the very day which the governor had named, the constant sister makes her appearance at the door of the prison at Sing Sing, and informs the keeper that she had come for her brother, who on that day was to be pardoned by the governor. She was told that no pardon had been received.

St. Paul tells us: "To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I know not."

The prince of English posts says,

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, then chancels would be churches, and poor men's cottages prince's palaces."

If self-command were as common as conscience, what noble creatures men and women would be! Cicero and Horace, and many more make the same reflection; and Lord Byron, groaning under the misery of his own making, exclaims:

"Untaught in youth my heart to tame, The springs of life were poisoned—"

If, then, there be any course of discipline—any contrivance—any attention, however minute, by which we can form in our child the habit of self-command, let us not neglect it. All the days of his life it will be of more value to him than millions of well-earned gold.

5. Does that same man slander his neighbor, say all manner of evil against him falsely? Stop his mouth, sew it up. Stop it, quick. Fill it up with David's Psalms, the Proverbs of Solomon, or the Epistles of Paul. Fill it up.

6. Does that woman gossip, gad about, little tattle, make mischief all about? What can you do? Run? Well, run, then, run, run for your life. That same tongue, set on fire of hell, has never been tamed.

7. Does that young miss dress, bedeck herself like a butterfly, spend hours at the toilet when she ought to be on her knees, come into God's house frizzled, dirt about, dance on hell's brink? Snatch her, snatch the firebrand; clear your skirts.

8. Is there a vile seducer, a libidinous wretch, with eyes full of adultery, prowling nightly, leading the unwary in the ways of her "whose steps take hold on hell?" Raise the voice, thunder it, flash the lightning's flash, show the burning lake, open wide the portals sulphurous! Show this monster of monsters his doom. Save him, if possible, from an eternal hell, a hell seven times hotter than is wont!"

9. In every case, do as God does, as Jesus Christ, the Apostles, speak to the man, the very man, the man who does the deed, the guilty one. Fix your eye upon him, fix it, search him out, mean somebody—Never preach to a man in the moon, or somebody way off to the north pole. It won't do any good, not a bit.—The Golden Rule.

10. Thus is Life.

If we die to day, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly tomorrow. Business will not be suspended for a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought to our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few as they pass to their pleasure or their work. But no one will miss us, except our immediate connexions; and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as easily as when we sat beside them.

Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not living being can say, "I remember him." We lived in another age, and did business with those who had long since slumbered in the tomb. Thus is life. How rapidly it passes! O, blessed are they who are held in everlasting remembrance.

The grain that the summer ripens and fall harvests, are but ripened and harvested to be transplanted, and yield perhaps an hundred fold. So with man: "Though he dies, yet shall he live again, for death shall no longer have dominion over him."

"Autumn has come;" and as we see all nature's works decaying, we are reminded that "we, too, must die." The frost of death will soon cut down our mortal bodies, as the frost of autumn has cut down the vegetable kingdom. Let us, then, ripe for the harvest, and be always ready for the reaper, Death.

"Autumn has come;" and with it the time of trial. How many precious moments has he already stolen from the last nine days? how many times have we passed the needy on the "other side?" how often have we neglected to feed the hungry and clothe the naked?

"Autumn has come;" and as winter is rapidly coming, we shall be wise and work while the sun shines; fill our granaries, so as to be provided for when the storms and darkness overtake us.

"Autumn has come;" and with thankful hearts we look around us, knowing that all our wants have been supplied. Praise the Lord for his loving kindness and tender mercies towards the children of men.

"Summer is gone, the fair young flowers Have faded in their bloom, And the music of the fairy hours Is hush'd mid Autumn's gloom.

And yet the trees all gloriously Have put their mantle on— Of gold and scarlet gorgeously, Like banners proudly borne.

O! Autumn—thou art beautiful, For the Frost King in his might Hath rob'd the earth all fanciful With hues of rosy light.

Our Summer life hath Autumn too, And 'mid its waiting bloom, We wait that Spring, whose woful hue E'er glows beyond the tomb."

[Christian Philosopher.]

### Somebody in the Moon, or, Be Practical.

Be practical in everything, very practical. Preach practically, write practically, pray practically, hear practically, live practically. Come home to everyday things, come home to the heart, mean somebody: "Thou art the man." Shoot over the head, preach to a man in the moon? Nonsense.

1. Does that man make, sell, or use liquid damnation? Warn him, bring down the sledge hammer, cry, "Wo to him that giveth his neighbor strong drink." Wo to the drunkards. Wo to the wine bibbers.

2. Does that man swear, belch out oaths, profane God's name? Warn him, give him the Swearer's Prayer. Warn him, save his soul.

3. Does that man violate God's holy day, stroll about, take pleasure trips, set an unholy example? Warn him in love, save his soul, give him a tract, pray for him, save his soul.

4. Does that church member contract debts, promise to pay, and don't pay, and won't pay, and never intended to pay? Warn him, point out his guilt and shame and wickedness, point it out, make him see it, feel it. Won't he repeat, speedily, deeply, heart-rendingly, make restitution, wash his hands from the foul stain? Won't he? Turn him out. Don't retain him for the world! He's a curse, a bitter curse to the church, the world, everybody—a laughing stock of hell! Sinners mock, stumble over this whitewall into the lowest depths of perdition! Turn him out, out, out! Turn him out, quick! Many churches are fairly rotten with these dead corpses! Turn him out!

5. Does that same man slander his neighbor, say all manner of evil against him falsely? Stop his mouth, sew it up. Stop it, quick. Fill it up with David's Psalms, the Proverbs of Solomon, or the Epistles of Paul. Fill it up.

6. Does that woman gossip, gad about, little tattle, make mischief all about? What can you do? Run? Well, run, then, run, run for your life. That same tongue, set on fire of hell, has never been tamed.

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### Conservation.

The new synagogue of the congregation of the "Seekers of Peace," in Julian street below 6th, was consecrated yesterday afternoon, to the worship of the God of Israel. The edifice is neat and tasteful, and the interior finished with great care and with much magnificence, marked here and there by the beautiful emblems and characteristics of the Jewish people. The ground floor itself is sufficiently commodious to seat a large congregation; in addition to which there is a spacious gallery on three sides of the building. At the west end is the pulpit, very richly and tastefully decorated, and opposite under the gallery, that time-honored and sacred emblem, the "Ark of the Covenant," where the tables containing the laws of Moses are deposited.

The front of the Ark is covered with a rich crimson velvet, on which is an inscription in Hebrew, while over all is a large and beautifully executed American eagle and shield, with a splendid gas light on either side. The effect of the whole when lit up—the combination of the emblems of our nationality and those of the Jewish faith—is beautiful indeed. The ceremonies of consecration commenced at four o'clock, by which time every part of the synagogue was crowded, the galleries being filled with ladies; and by all the greatest interest was manifested in the solemn rites, which were commenced with a symphony on an efficient orchestra, consisting of two full brass and string bands.

The minister, the Rev. Dr. Khan, then standing outside the door, knocked, saying, "Open the gates of righteousness to me," &c., &c., the choir, consisting of 12 ladies in white, responding as the minister with the trustees entered and proceeded to the sacred Ark, from whence they returned to receive the Law-rolls, which, after the seven circuits had been performed, amid the responses of the choir and the music of the orchestra, were deposited in the Ark. The usual prayers were then said, after which the Rev. Dr. Kahn delivered an able address in German, followed by the Rev. Mr. Lesser in English, when the services were concluded with "Vigdai!"—Philad. News.

Self-Command.

Consider, what it is that mars more less the fortune and the happiness of every man,—what is it that ruins more half the human race! To this question, all moralists, sacred and profane, have one answer. St. Paul tells us:

"To will is present with me, but how